

"What fools these mortals be!"

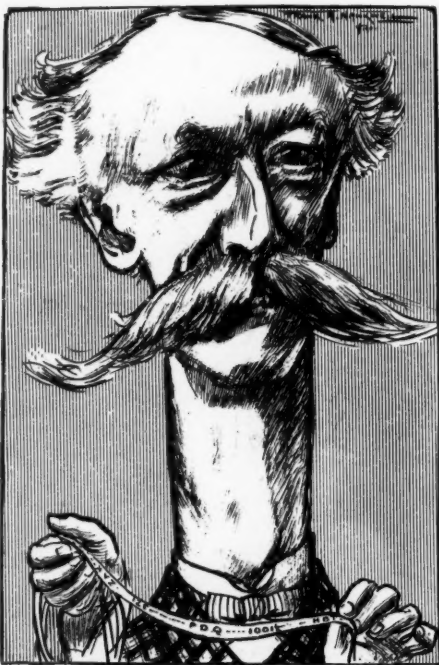
# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



WE GROW WISER AS WE GROW OLDER.

THE MANAGERS OF THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION HAVE DECIDED TO OPEN IT ON SUNDAY.



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#### PUCKOGRAPHS. — No. 102.

A MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE WHO  
IS "LONG" ON "RUBBER."

Oh! I hope not. I don't mind a man being honest, but it's carrying things too far to be incorruptible!

#### THE DIPLOMAT'S SOLUTION.

"And if an irresistible force meets an immovable body?" suggested his friend, the speculative philosopher.

"The situation, indeed, would be critical," admitted the eminent diplomat; "but, with mutual restraint and reasonable concessions, I see no reason to despair of an amicable settlement."

#### HE PLEADS NOT GUILTY.

MAMA.—Fighting again? Why, a good little boy would n't hurt a hair of another boy's head!

JOHNNY.—Well, I did n't! I just punched his nose.

THE SPECIALTY of the European concert seems to be chin music.

THE BOXERS may have simply concluded to embrace the doctrine of the strenuous life.

IN THE geography lessons of the near future one important question may be, "Where was China?"

ODELL may add Platt to the number of citizens who object to bosses.

WITH the Hon. J. Chamberlain at the helm, the British Empire may as well keep an eye on the life-preservers.

#### LOOKING AHEAD.

"It is rather difficult to realize," said the Sage of Kohack, in his usual acrid way, "that in a hundred years from now our posterity, possessin' conveniences, comforts and delights that we now don't even dream about, and havin' made advancements that we can now scarcely imagine, will look back at us of to-day, just as we are at present harkin' back to the stage-coach and nose-pullin' days of yore, and lament, just as we do, that the good old times are past and the good old fashions are gone."

"But it will probably be about so, for human nature is much the same at all times, and thus ever runneth the average mind."

#### AS TO THE NEW M. C.

FIRST LOBBYIST.—They say he's honest and incorruptible.

SECOND LOBBYIST.—

#### HIS ADVANTAGE.

In stars and moon and midnight sky  
The poet, with his naked eye,  
Finds things proud Science can not hope  
To find, e'en with her telescope.

#### INEXPLICABLE.

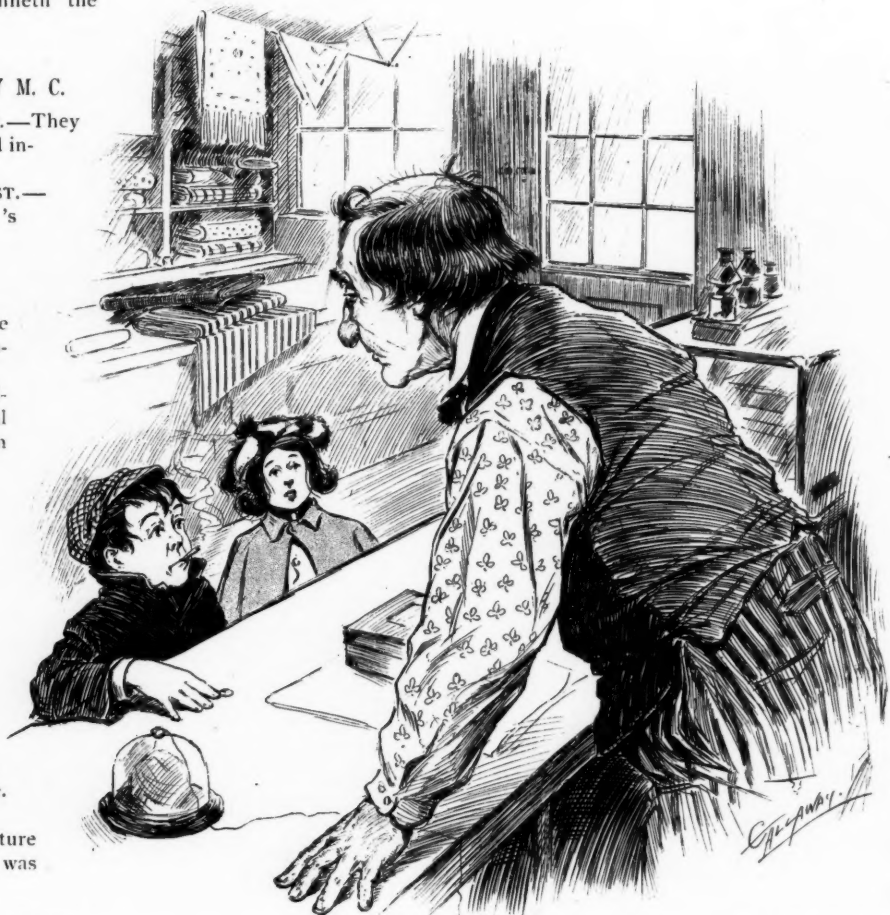
"No," said the successful novelist; "my book is not to be dramatized."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed his friend.  
"Why did you write it?"

IT WILL be easier for John Bull to wipe out the Boers than to wipe out the memory of what they have done to him.

MRS. NATION is one of the few women who would rather smash a mirror than use it in the ordinary way.

IF EVERY DAY were Sunday, suburbanites would presumably be able to keep their lawns in tolerably good condition.



#### HIS REQUIREMENTS.

"Yes; we keep handkerchiefs. What kind would you like?"  
"Oh! Somethin' cheap an' fashionable."

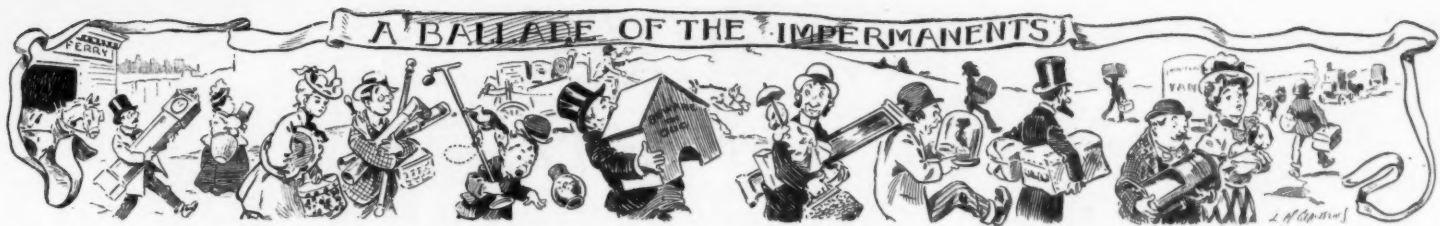


#### HER FIRST.

MRS. NUWED (at the cigar store).—I'd like to see some cigars for a stout, dark, mau, please!

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THE HOUR that ushers May  
Sees thousands in the throes  
Of changing camp;—and, say!  
It's no fun, goodness knows!  
One under protest goes  
With malison and frown,  
But others blithely—*those*  
Are moving out of town.

It looks a primrose way  
To 'scape the many foes  
Of health—friends of decay—  
A city's walls enclose.  
The change with promise glows;  
So, for roofs green and brown,  
(How New Arcadia grows!)  
They're moving out of town.

Life is to be a play  
Of pastorals—*no* prose!  
A long, sweet Summer day  
In fragrant garden rows.  
That here, too, Winter snows  
Drive mercilessly down,  
They've no time to suppose—  
They're moving out of town.

P. S.  
And those their urban woes  
Who sought *last* year to drown  
In Building Loan *chateaux*,  
Are moving *back* to town!

Edward W. Barnard.

#### EVIDENCE OF INCOMPLETENESS.

UNCLE REUBEN.—Farmer Wheatley's boy is home from college.  
He told me his eddication is finished.

UNCLE HIRAM.—I guess his eddication don't amount to much.

UNCLE REUBEN.—Why not?

UNCLE HIRAM.—If it did, he would n't think it was finished.

#### HIS OPINION.

"Dear?" said the purchaser of the hat. "I should n't call it dear!"  
But her husband sighed.

"I'm afraid," he said, "in your lexicon there's no such word as 'dear.'"

BISHOP ZORTER.—I hope you are prepared to enter heaven.  
NEWRICH.—Not unless it is easier than getting in society.

#### HE PRESERVED THE TRADITIONS.

"I am proud to reflect," said the venerable politician, "as I look back on my long career, that I have never admitted that any act of mine had any political significance."

#### TOO NATURAL FOR SUCCESS.

"Young Simpson does n't get on socially, at all."

"He's rich, is n't he?"

"Yes. He has loads of money; but he does n't seem to know how to act as if he had loads of money."

#### AGREED WITH HER.

JIMMY.—Me Aunt was tryin' to tell me that smokin' is injur'ous.  
TOMMY.—Well, it might be if yer ole man ketches yer.



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#### AN EXAMPLE.

REBECCA (*reading*).—Dis author says dot all men have der savage hunting instinct—der consciousness of superiority, undt itching to engage der quarry.

MOTHER.—A correctness! Haf n't you efer noticed how your fader's nostrils expand ven a countryman enters der sdore?



## THE TRAGEDIAN.

"THEM TRAGEDIANS 'pear to me to be always lookin' at the rest of the world through the wrong end of the telescope," philosophically said the old janitor. "They put in their spare time forgettin' that all men were created free and equal and by good rights ought to remain so; and they can't seem to get rid of the idea that when they step on one end of the world the other end flops up like a sun-warped board. I don't see any particular reason why continual communin' with Shakspeare should make a man dotty, but I've never yet seen a tragedian that did n't have bats flutterin' around in his notion department. Still, in spite of their eccentricities, them tragedians ain't so bad."

"Shakspeare had queer taste, though; blamed if he did n't! He was smart, no discount on that, but he had about as little sense of humor as a plasty-Paris image. Take 'Hamlet,' f'rinstance; while the play is strong, there's skurcely a reliev'in' ray of fun in the whole evenin's entertainment. It is grief and remorse and sorrow and suicides, all the time—trouble, trouble everywhere, and not a drop to drink, as the feller said. To my mind, there ain't any doubt but what *Hamlet* was mad. No actor would be mixed up with all them p'zoned cups and reekin' daggers and sword-plays and ghost-walkin's and jabberin's-to-himself, without a single song and dance or funny fall all the evenin' and expect the show to make a hit in the average country town, unless he was crazy."

"I respect Shakspeare, all right enough, but I don't think I'll ever have to have anything introduced into my coffee by lovin' friends unbeknownst to me, to cure me of my awful appetite for him. He's too dismal. I like killin's as well as anybody, but I admire to have the gloom split by an occasional rift of levity. Talkin' about 'Hamlet,' it is melancholy from start to finish, when in reality there are some of the best chances to relieve the solemnity with specialties you 'most ever saw in any play. How it would loosen things up, for example, to have *Rozencrantz* and *Guildenstern* do a three-minutes' Dutch knock-about turn; and it would be pretty appropriate, too, on account of their names. And the grave-diggers have got all kinds of room to do an out-of-sight Rube act and stick pick-axes into each other's backs and work off a lot of new gags, instead of all that old stuff. Of course, I know that that, and for the *Ghost*, when he walked, to—haw! haw!—pay the other performers in real money, is too far-fetched to be seriously thought of; but, all the same, it would lighten it up a lot, and a good many people would go then that don't go now. Still, Shakspeare, take him, or leave him, has his good points, and he surely does widen a man out mightily in some directions."

"The best Shaksperian actin'—or, at least, that that pleased me most—that I ever seen was done by the eminent tragedian Edwin Klawback, when he appeared here about three years ago. It did n't happen in the Opery House, though, but was pulled off in the Occidental Hotel, that Hungerford—I've told you about him—is landlord of. It was like this: The aggregation arrived Sunday afternoon, and when supper-time came they trooped into the dinin'-room and found the table groanin' 'neath a homeopathic repast consistin' of bread cut so thin it would hardly cast a shadow, a smear of butter, some rusty ginger-snaps, a few crackers, some cute little squares of cheese about right to play dominos with, and a few other runty

nubbin's that way. Presently, the waiter-girl percolated in with cups of the wawhoo bitters, or whatever it was, that at the Occidental Hotel passed for tea. The actors dutifully devoured the dabs and then leaned back and waited for supper. They were pretty patient for show folks, and kind of looked to the eminent Mr. Klawback for their cues. Bime-by he woke up out of a brown study and began to bristle. After he had bristled all he wanted to he beat on his tea-cup with his real pewter spoon till the waiter dragged her weary length in; and then he demanded what-ho! or something of that kind, and how about it. The grub-lady replied that it was a sure thing that he could have some more tea if he yearned for it. He repeated 'TEA!' in a voice that came from his third and deepest stomach, and announced that he and his posse wanted their supper."

"Supper!" ejaculated the maiden, in unfeigned surprise. "Why, good land! you've ett it!"

"The tragedian managed to control himself sufficiently to inquire where the keeper of the dun-john was at, and, upon bein' informed, strode out into the office with a unanimity, so to express it, that durned near overset me out of the chair that I was sort of occupyin' while I hung around to see Hungerford get into it in some fashion with Mr. Klawback; bein' as I owed the landlord a grudge and have long known them tragedians like a book. The landlord was discovered up on a stool behind the desk, eatin' a big wedge of rich, old, fat pie. Thereupon the tragedian called the boniface, as they denominate 'em in stories, 'Sirrah,' and one



## THE REAL TROUBLE.

MR. JACKSON.—I heerd Sue done left her husband 'case he played policy.

MRS. JACKSON.—Not azackly dat. 'T was 'case de numbahs he played did n't come out!





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EXEMPT.

GLADYS GOTROX. — Since I refused Tom Poorly he has said he will never love again.  
EDITH WAYUPP. — Well, he won't have to! He has just inherited a million!

thing and another, and Hungerford blandly informed him that it was the Sabbath Day and that that was the usual Sunday evenin' repast at that hostelry. Sayin' which, he gulluped down the last of his pie and began to pick the crumbs off'm himself. Mr. Klawback made the statement that they had tested the free samples and had no especial fault to find with 'em, and that now they wanted something to eat — meat and potatoes, f'rinstance. They were privileged thus to yearn, answered Hungerford, but even if he had the will to procure those luxuries it would be impossible at that time, as it was Sunday and the meat-shop and groceries were closed.



"There be fowls in the yard," returned Mr. Klawback, with dignity. "Rise and slay!"

"Wha-a-a-at?" cried Hungerford, almost fallin' off'm his stool. "Kill chickens on Sunday?"

"YES!" said Mr. Klawback, just like that.

"Kill chickens on Sunday, for troopers?" gasped Hungerford, in the same tone that we would use in

contemplatin' an awful and unheard-of heresy. "Kill — chickens — for — troopers?"

"Then there were proceedin's, good and plenty. The eminent tragedian seized the economical landlord by the throat, snatched him from his stool with a ferocity that shook all the pie-crumbs off'm him and nearly popped his neck in two, and socked him down in a chair ten feet away with a fury that jarred the house. Then he told him all about it. He blazed and thundered. He opened up on him with shot and shell, grape and canister; he charged his waverin' ranks with fixed bayonets, and put him to the sword without mercy. He belched forth fire, smoke and lava; he poured white-hot, reekin' brimstone on him, and rubbed it in; he skinned him alive and burnt him at the stake; he took him apart and put him together wrong. I never in all of woe's app'inted ways heard a man get such a complete, all-round, four-square, by-gosh tongue-lashin'. And it was couched in such classical Shaksperian phraseology that, while the victim was aware that he was bein' cussed and damned and blankity-damned, deaf, dumb and blind, he could n't answer back a word intelli-

gently. I-jing! I would n't have known there was half as much in Shakspeare if I had seen ten of his plays performed in succession as I found out right there in ten minutes. Tell you, old Shake knew words to appropriately fit every turn in the road and every phase of human meanness! If ever there was a gent that was n't afraid to express his sentiments it was Shakspeare!

"And, now, you paltry, pusillanimous, pie-eating parody of mankind," concluded the tragedian, like a last clap of thunder; "will you kill chickens for the troopers, or will you not? — will you slay or be slain?"

"Gug-gug-goodgoshalmighty, Mum-Mum-Mister Kuk-Kicky-Klawback —!" stuttrin'ly shrieked Hungerford, convinced, I s'pose, that there was goin' to be a supper, and that he'd rather the actors would eat than that he himself should be eaten. "Ye-Yes, sir!"

"Upon that, he grabbed up his quiverin' remains and scuttled out, and fell to yankin' chickens off'm their perches and hatchetin' their heads off as if his future life and salvation depended on the number of fowls he decapitated while passin' a given point; and kept it up till he had to be choked to keep him from killin' 'em all, choppin' down the hen-pen and splittin' great holes in the surroundin' scenery. Meanwhile, the tragedian mopped his brow and remarked that country landlords made him tired.

"Well, the troopers' supper was a little late, but they got it; and durin' the whole of that company's stay Hungerford was so near on the verge of nervous prostration that he'd pretty near jump through himself if you pointed your finger at him and said 'psht!' Takin' it all in all, I kinder felt that I was partway even with him, at no cost to myself, for makin' me pay for that lot of sheets that a gang of popular-priced actors got me to borrow for 'em to use as Roman togys and tore all to pieces. And, ever since, while I ain't, to say, enjoyed Shakspeare like some intellectual people pretend to, I have respected him a whole lot."

Tom P. Morgan.



THE RESOURCEFUL ROBBERS AND THE POLICEMAN WHO WAS NOT A SPORTSMAN.

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THE ROBBER.—Here it is, Bill! De easiest kind of a crib to crack, and dem fine furs is de richest kind of swag. Now, while I break open de door you go to de corner and watch fer de cop.



"It's open, Bill; an'. Gee! de place is just loaded wid de richest stuff ready to put in de bag! Just keep yer eyes peeled an' I'll not be three minutes loadin' up."



HIS PAL.—Fer heaven's sake, Mike! It's all up wid dis game; here comes de cop!  
THE ROBBER.—We don't give up dis gold mine widout a try fer it. Come here quick and give me a lift.



"Yes; I hears his footsteps. Push it along quick till his head gets a little beyond de corner, den come back inter de store an' help me load de swag."



THE POLICEMAN.—W-e-o-w! Howly smoke! What have Oi struck? They tould me this was a noice quiet beat, but Oi've struck a jungle.



"Oi don't foight woid bastes all by me lone-some if Oi lose me job. Oi'll tellyphone to head-quarters fer assistance and a cage."

STIMULATING.

If Jupiter Pluvius is the sad,  
Sad dog he's been cracked up  
to be,  
Wet weather skirts are altogether  
Likely to bring on much wet  
weather,—  
Or so, at least, 't would seem to me.

CONSOLATION.

MISS LINGERLONG.—I shall never  
marry!  
MAUD BRISK.—Oh! Cheer up,  
dear! You should remember that  
Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was  
580 years old when she married!

AMPLY DESCRIBED.

MRS. GOODSOUL (*answering ring*).—What is it, little girl?  
MARY.—Please, Ma'am, we've lost our kitty. She  
left yesterday, and we're hunting her. We  
want to know if you have seen a cat by the  
name of Minerva go by your house.



A MILD ATTACK.

"I think I've heard of one man who  
died of seasickness."  
"Heavens! I hope I won't!"  
"Oh! You're not very bad, or you  
wouldn't care whether you'd die or  
not!"

MENS ÆQUA IN ARDUIS.

The suburbanite had but six and  
three-quarters seconds in which to  
breakfast and make the 7:30 train.  
Of course, milking the cow was out of  
the question.  
"But the *café au lait*!" exclaimed  
the woman, his wife.  
"Café au late, this morning!"  
murmured he, with the utmost  
geniality.

THERE ARE said to be extreme theo-  
logians who hold that a woman is  
not strictly a Christian unless she is sin-  
cerely glad to learn that her cook's creed  
is precisely her own.



"—!—!!—!!!—!!!—!!!!"

PANGS.

A servant-girl living in Gloucester,  
Had a mistress who actually bossed  
her!  
And the people were few,  
Oh, very! who knew,  
Or could know what pangs all this  
cost her.

IN BOSTON.

"There is a familiar line in Brown-  
ing —"  
"But, do you mean to say there  
is any line in Browning which is not  
familiar?"

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

MRS. SKANTBORD (*proudly*).—  
Nothing goes to waste in this house! I make hash out of everything that's  
left over.  
MRS. SLIMTABLE (*musingly*).—But what do you do with the hash  
that's left over?  
MRS. SKANTBORD.—Re-hash it!

HIS UNCERTAINTY.

FARMER HONK.—Say, Lem!  
FARMER STACKRIDER.—Har?  
FARMER HONK.—Is that 'ere solemn, spectacled young nephew of  
your'n that's bein' called "Doctor," and goes around lookin' as wise as a  
treeful of owls, a dentist, a hoss-physician, a corn-curer, a layer-on-of-  
hands, a presidin' elder, or just a common doctor that saws bones and  
kills folks?

MORE MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

FIRST GUIDE.—Say, I was chased up a tree by a bear, to-day!  
SECOND GUIDE.—Gosh! He must have taken you for a dude  
hunter!

FAILURE is always ready to give logical reasons why Success should not  
have succeeded, but Success takes very little interest in the causes  
why Failure failed.





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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A FEW REMARKS. FOREIGN USERS of our steel and iron products are able to buy them from a quarter to a third cheaper than we do. At first it looks as if this might be some sharp trick of the foreigner's. And next it looks as if the Steel Trust might be putting up the game on us. But no; certain laws that we ourselves pass with a great flourish give the Trust the power to take this extra tribute from us. Probably the Trust would demand the same extra tribute from the foreigner if the foreigner would pass a law compelling himself to pay it. We play the game on ourselves with our eyes open. We call it "Protection to American Industries." A name more closely descriptive would be "Protection to American Trusts."

But the name matters little. However the game is called the odds are in favor of the foreigner and the Trust — and the political party that makes the rule of the game. The foreigner and the Trust will not object to these rules, and the people are too indolent or too ignorant to object; but it begins to look as if the political party to the conspiracy had actually grown ashamed of itself. When the individual manufacturer carried his goods abroad and sold them for less than his American price — in competition with the very markets he was "protected" from — the proceeding was thought to be a triumph of Republican principles. But when a lot of individual manufacturers bunch themselves and do the same thing all together — when, in short, the same old Republican principles triumph on a larger scale — the process is seen to be such brazen robbery that even the leather-conscience Protectionist is stricken.

And so there is serious talk in Republican circles of putting certain steel and other Trust products on the free-list, and of permitting these tender nursing industries to creep along, henceforth, all by their baby selves. It will be an interesting experiment. For, will the Trust thereupon raise its prices to the foreigner? Or, knowing that it must still compete with the foreign market, will it prefer to save money at this end? May it not cut down some of the million-dollar salaries? — and surely it will save the immense sums that it or its component corporations have previously paid to the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. On the other hand, will the Republican party become so acutely ashamed of itself that the certain prospect of losing this large sum of bribe-money will not restore its normal feelings? It will be seen that the situation is not simple. Yet, thanks to the mechanism called a Trust, the issue will sooner or later be forced, and the public will be robbed from one less pocket. And, after there are no more tariff Trusts, we shall find that the legitimate Trusts can be studied in a calmer and more effective manner.

THE DAY OF REST. SUNDAY is fast coming to serve its purpose. More and more it is becoming a day of real rest and recreation. And, happily enough, it is already our chief out-of-doors day, for which may all good sports be praised. If the bicycle had nothing else to its credit, it should be lauded for its great share in this spiritual reform, in teaching man to make a sane and beautiful use of his day of rest. Golf, too, has done wonders in persuading the healthy mind to rational forms of worship. Even the Massachusetts Legislature seriously considered the other day a bill to make Sunday golf-playing no crime. Certain Harvard Professors and ministers of the gospel had urged the bill's passage because Sunday golf-playing was become so common as to be respectable. But the Legislature decided that it would be played, anyway, so there was no use going to the trouble of a law about it. The time is surely not far, however, when common sense on this subject will be too common to be sensational. The few who would still make the day one of unrelieved gloom and foreboding and sodden indigestion are rapidly dwindling.

We hear of them scarcely at all until a matter like opening the Buffalo Exposition of a Sunday is up. That brings them their voices. The

American Sabbath Union tried to persuade the Exposition managers not to do this heinous thing; — begged them to prevent the thousands, who have no other day, from looking at beautiful or instructive objects on that day and thus imperilling their immortal souls. According to the Rev. Dr. Hathaway, Secretary of the Union, a considerable proportion of Hell's present occupants must have brought up there through sinfully visiting parks and art-galleries and museums on Sunday. It is good to record that the question was settled more gracefully and more quickly than in 1893. The Buffalo Fair will be opened on Sunday.

And to the persons who are really distressed at thoughts of this license we can only say that it probably will not seem at all sinful to their great-grandchildren. For they may observe that moral ideas grow and expand as other kinds do. About all of us being saved, for example. The Puritans so abhorred the idea that in 1684 one Joseph Gatchell was sentenced "to the pillory and to have his tongue drawn forth and pierced with a hot iron" for having "discouraged that all men should be saved." Nowadays Joseph could discourse all he pleased about it and no one would do a thing to him. We may privately consider it very questionable taste for the Lord to save certain people or certain sorts of people we know, but we regard it no longer as a hot-iron matter. And so about Sunday. In a few generations it will be the veriest commonplace that to enjoy one's self on a Sunday is not necessarily to incur eternal grilling. And we shall be fitly entertained by reading of the solemn asses who once feared it did.

PUGILISTS PRECLUDED.

Fame 's but a bubble, — not worth the trouble, —  
So sages are pleased to explain it;  
It seems, furthermore, that the hardest blower  
Is not always most apt to attain it!

LOOKS LIKE IT.

HOGAN. — D' yez think Aggynaldo 'll make a good Amirican?  
DOYLE. — Naw; — th' divil 'll loikely vote Raypooblican.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

"So the English papers are not satisfied with the Russian promise to evacuate Manchuria when order is restored?"  
"Why, no! Manchuria reminds them too much of Egypt."

DE WET seems to be an ideal Flying Dutchman.

FREQUENTLY, what seems to be a war cloud is mere journalistic vaporing.



OUT OF FASHION.

THE RHINO. — Dear! Dear! This paper says garments are to be worn tight-fitting this Summer!



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE BLESSINGS OF “

THE POOR FOREIGNER COULD N'T GET HIS RAILS FOR TWENTY-FOUR





INGS OF "PROTECTION."  
OR TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS IF WE DID N'T ELECT TO PAY THIRTY-FIVE.

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#### DURING THE CONTROVERSY.

THE MONKEY.—I could never be silly enough to bury my head in the sand.

THE OSTRICH.—Indeed? You have no idea how much it would improve your appearance!

#### HOW TO BE A PHILOSOPHER.

AFTER considering the matter for about thirty minutes I have come to the conclusion that to be a philosopher it is necessary for a man to have nothing the matter with him. Take Seneca as a starter. He wrote on a table of gold in praise of poverty. Do you grasp the significance of that? Could he have been as eloquent and convincing writing on a pine table, with a cold potato as a side dish?

I read about Seneca in the pages of Monsieur Montaigne. He was a philosopher. In an age when all Europe was overrun with kings and princes trying to cut each others' throats on questions of honor, and all dukes and barons willing to fight for thirty cents, it was tacitly agreed that no one should touch Montaigne's castle or steal his chickens; so there he sat and wrote about how nice a world it was, after all. After enjoying his essays for so many years it has just dawned upon me that it was n't so hard for Michael to write that way.

Coming down from the ancient sage to the modern one—Russell Sage—is it not inspiring to hear him proclaim that a young man is better off with a pure heart and ten dollars than with ten millions and no



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#### GETTING THE BEST OF HIM.

CLOSE (a hard loser).—I'm out over twenty dollars.

BLUFFER.—Oh! The game is young yet.

CLOSE (with a sickly smile).—Well, it's rather precocious for its age!



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#### IN COLONIAL DAYS.

"Moving to Brooklyn, eh? I can't see why a man should want to live in Brooklyn!"  
"Well, it's quiet. New Amsterdam is getting too noisy for me!"

the knowledge that his father (who is a philosopher) does not believe in ghosts. The philosopher does not have to go to bed in the dark; when he did, he did believe in ghosts. Nor is Mamie a bit satisfied when Mother says that she is glad George no longer comes to the house, and now visits that Johnson girl. To be sure, George is good-looking and his uncle has money, but you can never tell how a young man will turn out. Mamie thinks that Mother would not talk that way if it was Father visiting her; and Mamie comes pretty near hitting the right note.

If you wish to enjoy a snowstorm to the utmost, draw your easy-chair up to the window, have a rousing fire in the room, a fine cigar in your teeth, and then look out and see other people beating hard against the gale. Then you will realize that it is just the thing to bring out the noble qualities of human nature. On the same principle, after you have had a large dinner with trimmings, it is inspiring to observe a number of humble people looking for restaurants with signs of, "A Full Meal for Ten Cents." Then you know that it is all for the best.

Do not put off being a philosopher until your philosophy is necessary to bear up against hard luck and your wife's relations. If you do, like as not you will not find it on tap, and be compelled to fall back like a common person on objurgations and loud language; and, worst of all, have to listen while some other fellow tells you what he would do if he were in your place, and you knowing all the time that he would n't do it at all.

Sidney.



## A Bottle of Purity

Take a bottle of Schlitz beer, and think what it means to produce it.

That clearness is the result of simple purity.

The beer in that bottle was brewed in absolute cleanliness. It was cooled in filtered air. The beer was filtered before we bottled it. It was sterilized after the bottle was sealed.

And the beer has been aged. It was stored for months in refrigerating rooms; fermented so well that it will not ferment on your stomach.

It is a green beer—not an aged beer—that produces biliousness.

The hops in that beer were selected by our expert in Bohemia. The barley is the best that grows.

The yeast was developed from our original mother cells that give to Schlitz beer its distinctiveness.

And yeast is of tremendous importance.

It is easy to brew a beer, and there are thousands who do it. But we have spent fifty years in learning to brew a beer like that.

There are beers that cost not half the time

and money that is spent on Schlitz. But the saving is not yours; and those who care for purity and health don't drink them.

**Schlitz**

J. L. STACK.



THE IRISH NOT IN IT.

HOGAN (with paper).— Oi see they 've named th' new shtar in th' hivins Novy Per-see-oi.

BRENNAN (sarcastically).— Av coorse they did; Oi knowed they 'd christen it some domb Dootch or Rooshian name! Yez don't know av any shtar named Patsy Brannigan, do yez?

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fusing technicalities

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It amounts simply to this:

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of which

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in case of future financial  
difficulties, by

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Full particulars, with cost at your age, will be freely  
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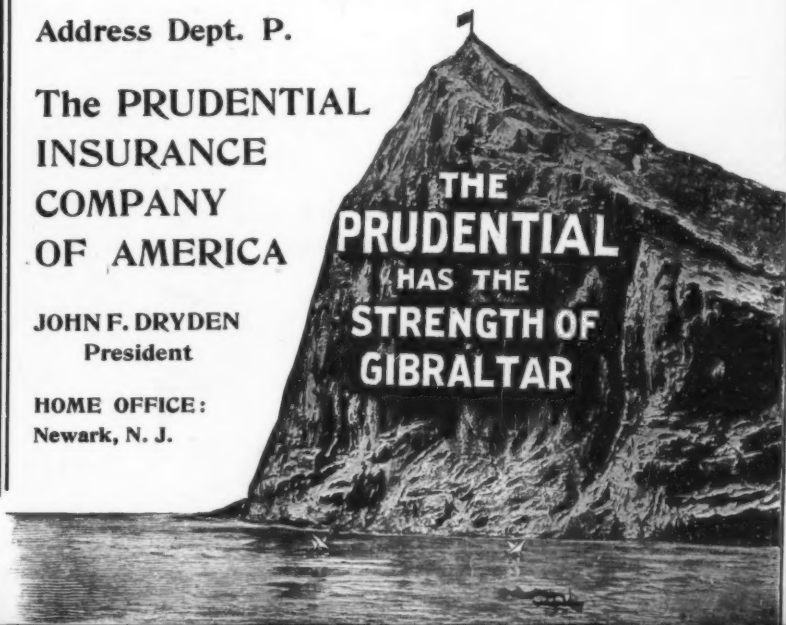
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*Pathfinder*  
**CIGAR**

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THOMAS J. HUNT NOTARY PUBLIC  
PHILADELPHIA PA.  
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If he does not sell them, send his name and address and \$1.25 to  
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who will send you a box of 25, express prepaid.

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—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

## MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

### DISPROVED.

PARKE. — I know your wife did n't like it because you brought me home unexpectedly to dinner last night!

LANE. — Nonsense! Why, you had n't been gone five minutes before she remarked that she was glad it was no one else but you. — *Harper's Bazar.*

### A POPULAR HOST.

TRAVELER. — Eh? Has this hotel changed hands?

CLERK. — Yes; the old landlord busted up — owed thousands of dollars to all the provision dealers in the neighborhood. For every ten dollars he took in he spent twenty.

TRAVELER. — Too bad! Too bad! He's the only landlord I ever met who knew how to keep a hotel. — *New York Weekly.*

A TROUBLED conscience makes a hard pillow. — *Ram's Horn.*

As an appetizer and general tonic, mix quarter wine-glass Dr. Siger's Angostura Bitters, fill with iced-water, add teaspoonful sugar.

Established 1823.

## WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore Md.

THERE is more pain in practicing brotherhood than in preaching about it. — *Ram's Horn.*



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### A "PROVISIONING" FLOCK.

SQUIRE COOPLEIGH. — See here, Parson, I made only a *provisional* promise of a ten-dollar donation to your church — insisting that fifty cents would be deducted for every fowl I lost during Winter.

PARSON GOODMAN (*dejectedly*). — Yais, Squiah; I've been dubious all along ober dat provision. H-H-How much does ouah chu'ch owe you?

Exchange weakness for health — lassitude for energy by taking Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At all druggists. Refuse substitutes.

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"I'm getting along," said Mr. Cumrox. "I'm progressing slowly but surely."

"In what?"

"Culture. I've been traveling around with Mrs. C. and the girls until I'm getting right refined. But there's one thing I don't think I'll achieve. I don't believe I'll ever be able to go into an antique store and tell the difference between bric-à-brac and junk." — *Washington Star.*

MRS. MYLES. — That hat makes your face look very short.

MRS. STYLES. — That's funny; it made my husband's face look long. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

It is pretty and poetical to talk of affinity assisting conversation, but the real promoter of conversational powers is grub. Give guests something to work their jaws on, and all restraint vanishes. A sandwich will do more than Emerson. — *Atchison Globe.*

## In The Prism

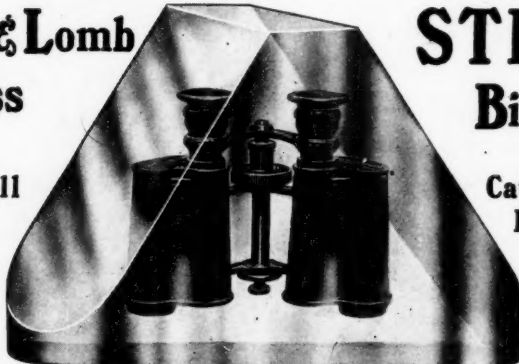
and in the placing of the object lenses farther apart than the eyes are, lie the extraordinary advantages of the Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss STEREO Field and Marine Glasses. Prisms make them pocket size, permit the use of regular TELESCOPE eyepieces and object lenses, giving immense field of view and magnifying power, and that invaluable stereoscopic effect found only in the

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dealers or by mail.

**Rochester, N. Y.**



MOST of us are like the old farmer who said he would be perfectly satisfied if he could just own all the land adjoining his.—*Good Cheer.*



## FLAMMARTON

OPERA and FIELD GLASSES—Gold Medal, Paris, 1900  
Made under the patronage of the famous Astronomer.  
Faultless construction, great power. From \$5.00 up.  
See that the name "Flammarton" is on each glass.  
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125 W. 42nd St.



AFTER talking with a nagging woman it is a great relief to take a roll in a bed of stinging nettles.—*Ram's Horn.*

"AS IF ON VELVET"  
**HARTFORD TIRES.**  
THEY TAKE ALL THE ROUGHNESS FROM THE ROAD.  
**THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.,**  
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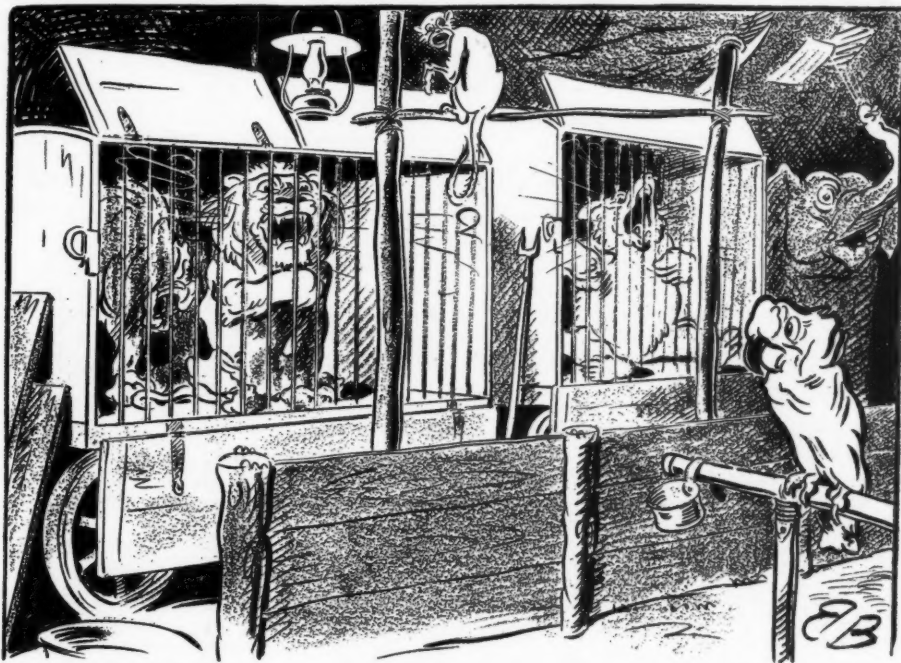
It is a poor rule that won't work the way we wish it to.—*Good Cheer.*

**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO. Dept. 1. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.

THE women who danced with him when he was the Prince of Wales are getting into touch with their favorite newspapers.—*Washington Post.*

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



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AT THE ZOO.

THE PARROT.—And they call these "dumb animals!"

Health, wealth and happiness. The first will bring the other two. Get health with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

By the time a boy has made his mother believe he is sick enough to die, he forgets himself and asks for pie, and hope in her heart revives again.—*Atchison Globe.*

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"EVER USED IT! Well, I should think so, young man, and so did my father and grandfather before me. It's the only soap I can use. My beard is one of the tough, wiry kind that nothing but Williams' Shaving Soap will soften. Williams' Soap is simply wonderful for that; and it makes my face so soft and smooth that I would rather shave than not. Guess you can't tell me much about Williams' Shaving Soap, my boy. It's the only Real Shaving Soap."

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Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.  
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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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ALL THE BEST STORES SELL THEM.

Write for Brochure No. 7, "What Fashionable Men will Wear."

IT'S FREE!

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.,  
Wholesale Tailors, Rochester, N. Y.

### NO TROUBLE WHATEVER.

"There's one thing I can say with a certain sense of satisfaction," remarked Mr. Meekton; "and that is that if Henrietta lived in Kansas she would n't feel called upon to take an ax and go saloon smashing."

"Is n't she interested in such matters?"

"I don't know about that. But if Henrietta publicly expressed her disapproval I don't think any saloon-keeper would have the nerve to settle in the neighborhood in the first place."—*Washington Star*.

### AND SMITHS ARE PLENTIFUL.

"So you're going to call the town 'Smith Manor,' eh? That strikes me as awfully commonplace."

"Perhaps so; but," replied the suburban real estate boomer, "we figure that every 'Smith' in the city will jump at the chance to sign himself 'Mr. Smith, of Smith Manor.'"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



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### A SIMPLE TASK.

SULLIVAN.—Bedad! It's a wonder the basket don't fall off yer head!

SCHMITT.—Vy should it? Mein head ain't got nodings else to do but carry dot basket!

### THE EDITOR'S MISTAKE.

GREAT STATESMAN.—You were in rather a sad condition when you left the banquet the other night.

REPORTER.—Yes; I drank more than was good for me.

GREAT STATESMAN.—So I noticed. And it showed in your report of my speech. It was terribly mixed up. Did n't the editor raise a row about it?

REPORTER.—No; he did n't blame me any. He thought you were drunk. —*New York Weekly*.

### INCENDIARISM.

"Are n't you afraid of that man who keeps making incendiary speeches?" inquired the close friend.

"Not a bit," answered Senator Sorghum. "The only kind of incendiary who stands a show of making an impression in my bailiwick is a man who has money to burn."—*Washington Star*.

IT MAKES no difference how much preachers and Sunday-school teachers talk, the children's idea of heaven is always taken from the transformation scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—*Atchison Globe*.

"WOULD you please give me two dollars to get some bread for my hungry family?" said the beggar to the man passing.

"Why, two dollars would buy a whole lot of bread, my man!"

"Yes, I know it; and I need a whole lot, sir. You see, the turkey has to be stuffed, my wife must have bread-puddin', and three of the children are always crying for milk toast, sir."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

## Turn the bottle upside down

It won't hurt it.

There's no sediment in

## Evans' Ale or Stout



CHURCH.—You used to be in business with that man?

GOTHAM.—Yes.

"You've evidently lost faith in him?"

"Well, yes! I lost all the faith I had, and an equal amount of money, the same day."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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MEANS  
HONEST  
INTELLIGENT  
UP-TO-DATE

HANDLING OF ALL THAT GOES INTO

India Pale Ale,  
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Old Burton Ale,

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On Draught or in Bottles.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.  
134 Cedar St., cor. Washington, New York.



## Old Overholt

Made just as it was  
a century ago—  
Absolutely pure.

Bottled in Bond.

A. Overholt & Co.  
PITTSBURG.

ONE can not kick on an amateur show because he is apt to sit near some relative. —*Washington Democrat*.

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HOW MUCH BETTER

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are than ordinary confections. They are made on this principle: "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer don't have them we will supply you express prepaid at following prices:  
1 lb. box finest selected \$ .30 3 lb. box finest selected \$2.25  
2 " " " 1.50 5 " " " 4.00  
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We'll send you our "Fashion Book," containing information about correct dress for all occasions. FREE—write for it.  
**THE FECHHEIMER-FISHEL CO.**  
750 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PATIENCE.—Did you learn anything at cooking-school?  
PATRICE.—Oh, yes! I never knew what dyspepsia was until I attended. —  
*Yonkers Statesman.*

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are masterpieces mechanically and artistically—light and graceful, yet rigid and strong. The leader is the Center-Driven  
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Hub or Tire Coaster Brake, \$5. additional.  
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Pure Rye Whiskey

It tastes  
old because  
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**MARYLAND CLUB**  
And see that you get it.

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A "ROUGH HOUSE" CASUALTY.  
FIRST CLOTHING DUMMY.—What put your nose out of joint?  
SECOND CLOTHING DUMMY.—Levy ejected a fire extinguisher agent this morning and I was thrown to the walk in the melee.

PAT. 1526 POSTPAID. Kinsfisher—One bite, one fish sure. Pardon Fish Hook Co., Owensboro, Ky.

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**"LION BRAND"**  
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WHEN a collar presses against the neck it feels uncomfortable, quickly wilts in warm weather, and does not look as its designer intended. The only remedy is to have it properly fitted to the shirt. LION BRAND collars and shirts are made to fit each other, with cuffs to match. They insure cool, comfortable, stylish ease. They are made of the finest fabrics in the market, by the best workmen in the world, offering every variety of design in both form and color. Two collars or two cuffs cost 25 cents. It does n't pay to pay more. Shirts cost \$1, \$1.50 or \$2, depending on the kind you want. Ask your furnisher. If he does n't carry them in stock we will send the name of one who will supply you. Do not send us money.  
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TRUE ECONOMY.  
FRIEND.—Why do you wear those fearfully old-fashioned collars?  
WINKERS (*a man of affairs*).—Because when the washerwoman sends them to anybody else they send them back.—*New York Weekly.*

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how fine a wheel the  
**\$60 CHAINLESS**  
**Rambler**  
BICYCLE  
really is, there would not be enough Ramblers to go around."  
**CYCLING FOR PLEASURE**  
should be comfortable, and "Ramblers DO ride easily."  
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Have now on exhibition  
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Full line of Barbers' Supplies. All the latest novelties—the Shark Hide Razor Strop, Freezerine, Blue Steel Razors, the Rapid Hair Brush and Comb Cleaner, Red Lilac Vegetal, Perfumes, Soaps, Cosmétiques, etc.  
Also a large variety of Mirror Cases and Revolving Barber Chairs. Large Stock of Second-hand Barbers' Furniture.

CONDUCTIVE TO GRACE.  
SHE (*at the ball*).—Have you noticed Mr. Downton's remarkable deftness and grace? No matter how great the crowd, he never bumps against anybody.  
HE.—Y-e-s. I guess he gets his lunches in a stand-up restaurant, where every fellow holds his own coffee. —  
*New York Weekly.*

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